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Dear Carol,

I must apologise to you for forgetting that Jim is no longer with us and for sending our Christmas greetings to you both. Please forgive me. I do have a good excuse  
On this topic of advancing years (81 birthday cake candles), we are a fortunate team at present. Shirley is as fit physically as the proverbial Mallee bull, but is having difficulty remembering things. On the other hand, my brain is still charging along, but I am now having to use one of those mobile scooter things when we go out. Can

Lucky you being able to go to the STC plays. The days of our Opera House visits to see and hear the likes of Vladimir Askanazy & G&S Pirates etc have sadly passed.

Shirley busies herself in an activity something similar to your quilt making. She knits 30 squares each about 20 by 20 centimetres, then stitches these to make a blanket which is sent along with hundreds of others to African children. The material has to be cotton or similar because a woolen item would not wash satisfactorily.

This is a request for some up to date information please. If we look back at Pescott family history, my grandfather James Richard was brother to George William, your grandfather. George married Ethie Maddern, and they had five children, the youngest being your mum Mary. Mary married Keith Shepherd and they had five children. You were the third born, and you married Jim McCawley. You and Jim had Anne, Michael, Geoffrey and Jillian. How accurate am I so far?

In your letter you mention Michael whom I assume is your son Michael. Where does Paige fit in? And if Paige is your youngest grandchild, who are the others please?

I have masses of family history covering dozens of ancestral names, all contained in 14 cardboard cartons. However I can only go back 200 years which are 4 generations back from me. Goodness knows what will happen to all this when I hand in my little bucket and spade to that big sand castle builder in the sky. It will likely end up on the tip because my Matthew and Jenny are not interested, and the 4 grandsons cannot comprehend why I need to know about my forebears. One day one of them may realize that unless we know where we come from, we cannot know where we are heading.

Incidentally, re PaigeChristopher is coming up for his 56<sup>th</sup> birthday anniversary. I once asked him if why he did not aspire to teach at a more advanced academic level. He replied. Makes sense doesn

Cheers,

George.